

Gumshoe

The Hardboiled Detective In the Thirties

Supplement No. 1
The Dead College Girl



By
Eric Martin

"From any crime to its author there is a trail. It may be obscure; but, since matter cannot move without disturbing other matter along its path, there always is – there must be – a trail of some sort. And finding and following such trails is what a detective is paid to do."

— *The Continental Op*

Tuesday, June 26, 1934

The office of the Continental Detective Agency is empty when I arrive at seven o'clock to finish up some late paperwork on last week's Signorelli kidnapping case and the stick-up and overnight standoff with a couple of gunmen at the Mon Hop laundry shop. Fortified with a fresh pack of Spuds, a steaming cup of black coffee and a stale doughnut salvaged from last evening's office party – which I did not attend – I dive in. By eight-thirty I'm dotting the last I's and crossing the final T's when Ida, the office secretary, sticks her head into my office and tells me that I have a client standing outside.

"Have him come right in," I tell her.

Stuffing my reports back into the bottom drawer of my desk, I pocket my smokes, lean back in my chair and prop my feet up on my desk. I flick the three-quarter-eaten doughnut off the corner of my desk into the trash can and swallow the last lukewarm mouthful of my coffee, dropping the paper cup likewise into the trash.

It never stops, I tell myself. They just keep right on coming.

A twenty-something-year-old colored man steps timidly into my office and hastens into a wooden chair in front of my desk. He appears highly agitated and is sweating profusely.

"Would you like some coffee?" I ask.

"No, thank you."

"What's your name?"

"Fred Humphrey."

"Well, Mr. Humphrey, what can I do for you?"

"I need to hire a detective to clear my poor brother of murder."

"Of murder," I repeat. "Whose murder?"

"I don't know, some girl the cops found dead in her car last night down near South San Francisco. For some reason they seem to think that my brother is the murderer, and when I tried to talk to him myself, the police wouldn't tell me where he's being held. They just told me to get him a lawyer."

"How did you find out about his arrest?"

"There's a late story in the paper. Here," he offers me the copy that he's had tucked under his arm, "read it for yourself." He points to a headline in the lower-right-hand quarter of the page.

[Read the Newspaper for Tuesday, June 26, 1934]

"That's really all I know about it myself," he confesses, "but there's no way my brother could have done such a thing."

"Why not?"

"Cause he's not a killer. Sure, he's got a criminal record, and he did break out of prison six months ago, but he couldn't have killed that girl like they say."

"Why not?" I repeat.

"Because I know my brother. He's not a killer."

"I'll take your word for it," I console him.

"Thanks. So do you think you might be able to look into it for me?"

"Sure. Can you tell me anything else that might be helpful, other than what's already in the paper?"

"No, not really."

"Well, are you and your brother from around here?"

"Not originally. We were born and raised in Louisiana near New Orleans. I moved here to Frisco about six years ago, and he came last spring. He'd been in a little trouble back at home, and thought a fresh start might be a good idea."

"What kind of trouble?" I interject.

"Oh, just some trouble with the white neighbors. No offense."

"No problem."

"Since then he's been nailed twice on ridiculous charges and caught a three-year sentence at the State Pen for the last one. I don't know why he broke out of prison. He's not a bad person, you've got to believe me."

"I will give your case top priority," I promise him.

"Thank you so much. I'm sure you'll be able to straighten this mess out."

"I'll do my best. How can I get in touch with you, if I need to?"

"I live over on Grant Avenue, number four-thirty. It's a cheap boarding-house and I live on the top floor."

"No elevator, I suppose?"

"No."

"Alright, well, I'll make a call to our New Orleans office for a full report on your brother's history over there, and then I'll look into this Miller girl murder and see what I can find out."

"Great. I'll look forward to hearing back from you."

"Let me walk you out."

After seeing him onto the elevator, I return to the office and summon Ida.

"Could you place a call to the New Orleans office, sweetheart, and have them check out a fellow by the name of Louis Humphrey who lived there until last spring? The police here have got him locked up on a murder charge and I need a little background info on their suspect. Anything our boys over in New Orleans might have on him would be super."

"I'll see what I can do," she promises.

"Thanks, doll."

Returning to my office, I reach into the middle drawer of my desk and pull out my already-loaded .38-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver and slip it into my shoulder holster, under my coat. Glancing out the window at the dissipating clouds, I decide not to wear a hat and stride boldly out the door.

"I got that call placed for you," Ida tells me as I pass her desk.

"Thanks, I'll be by later in the day to check on it. Can you tell the Old Man, when you see him, that I'm looking into the Miller girl killing that's in the paper? My client is the suspected killer's brother, and I don't know much more than what I've read in the paper. But I do have a couple of leads to start with."

"Okay, I'll let him know when I see him. He should be in in a couple of minutes."

"Thanks, doll." I shoot her a wink as I glide out the door.



List of Addresses and Clue Points for Tuesday, June 26, 1934

355 Broderick	110
93 Carmel	105
1834 Fillmore	131
430 Grant Ave.	112
1377 Jackson	128
335 Juanita Way	134
1543 Larkin	102
115 Market	113
365 Market	123
700 McAllister	118
243 Page	148
20 Salmon	116
61 San Bruno Ave.	104
1910 Union	111
138 7 th Ave.	130
1335 35 th Ave.	101
Adult Probation Department	133
City Hall	114
Continental Detective Agency	124
Coroner's Office	125
District Attorney	117
DMV Fingerprint Division	135
Jail – Branch No. 1	121

Travel around the Bay

Berkeley	100
University of California	115
San Rafael	100
San Quentin.	109
Sausalito	100
914 Locust	126
Police	103
South San Francisco	100
Sierra Point	132

LABORATORY REPORT ON EXAMINATION OF EVIDENCE



17938/34

Victim: Cynthia Miller Date: June 26, 1934 Case No.

Description: Body found in car at Sierra Point. Victim, a white female in late teens, has been strangled. Victim also partially undressed.

EXAMINATIONS MADE

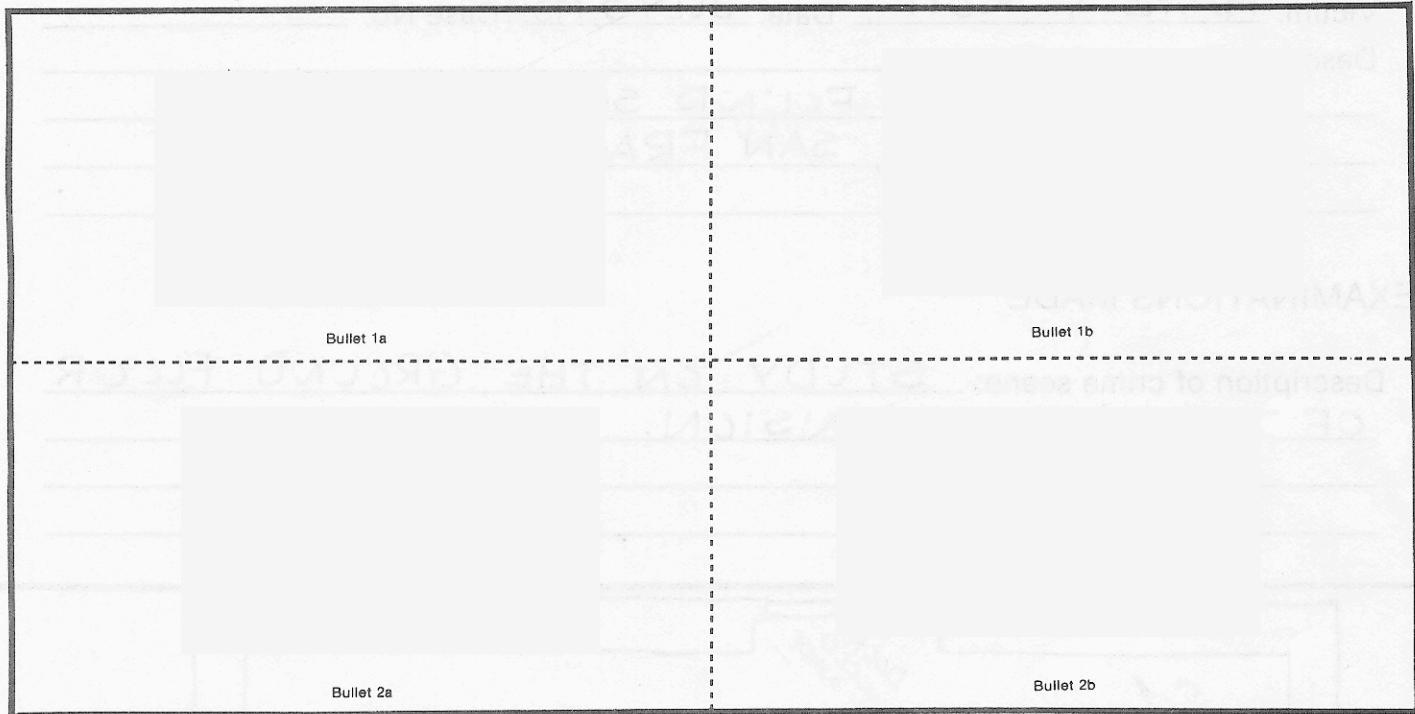
Description of crime scene: Sparsely wooded beach cliff overlooking San Francisco Bay. Evidence of recent underage drinking in the vicinity.
Body found in a Ford Model A sedan, not registered to the victim.
Car parked a short distance from the main area of activity.



Sketch: Sierra Point Scale: 1" = 10'

Bullet:
Shape: _____
Weight: _____
Calibre: _____
Cannelures: _____

Composition: _____
Base Contour: _____
Other Marks: _____
Twist: _____
Pitch: _____



Firearm: Yes: _____ No: _____ Test Bullet: Yes: _____ No: _____

a. Calibre: _____ d. Type: _____
b. Make: _____ e. Serial: _____
c. Model: _____ f. Finish: _____

Dermal Nitrate Test: Yes: _____ No: _____

Results: _____

Powder Residue: _____

Trace Metal Detection Technique: _____

Results: _____

Silk scarf found near victim appears to be the murder weapon.

Vehicle owner unknown.

Test performed by:

James W. Masters



Autopsy Protocol



Office of the Coroner
City and County of San Francisco
650 Merchant
San Francisco 1, California

CONFIDENTIAL

17938/34

Case # _____

The following post-mortem was performed on this date June 26, 1934
by Dr. Gordon Halsey of the San Francisco Coroner's Office. This post-mortem was conducted
in accordance with the laws of the state of California and the City and County of San Francisco. So stated
and sworn by

A.C. Anderson

Name of Deceased:	<u>Cynthia Miller</u>		
Address of Deceased:	<u>700 McAllister</u> <u>San Francisco, Calif.</u>		
Authorized by	Signature	<u>Judson Miller</u>	
Name	<u>Judson Miller</u>		
Address	<u>700 McAllister</u>		
Relationship:	<u>Father</u>		

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

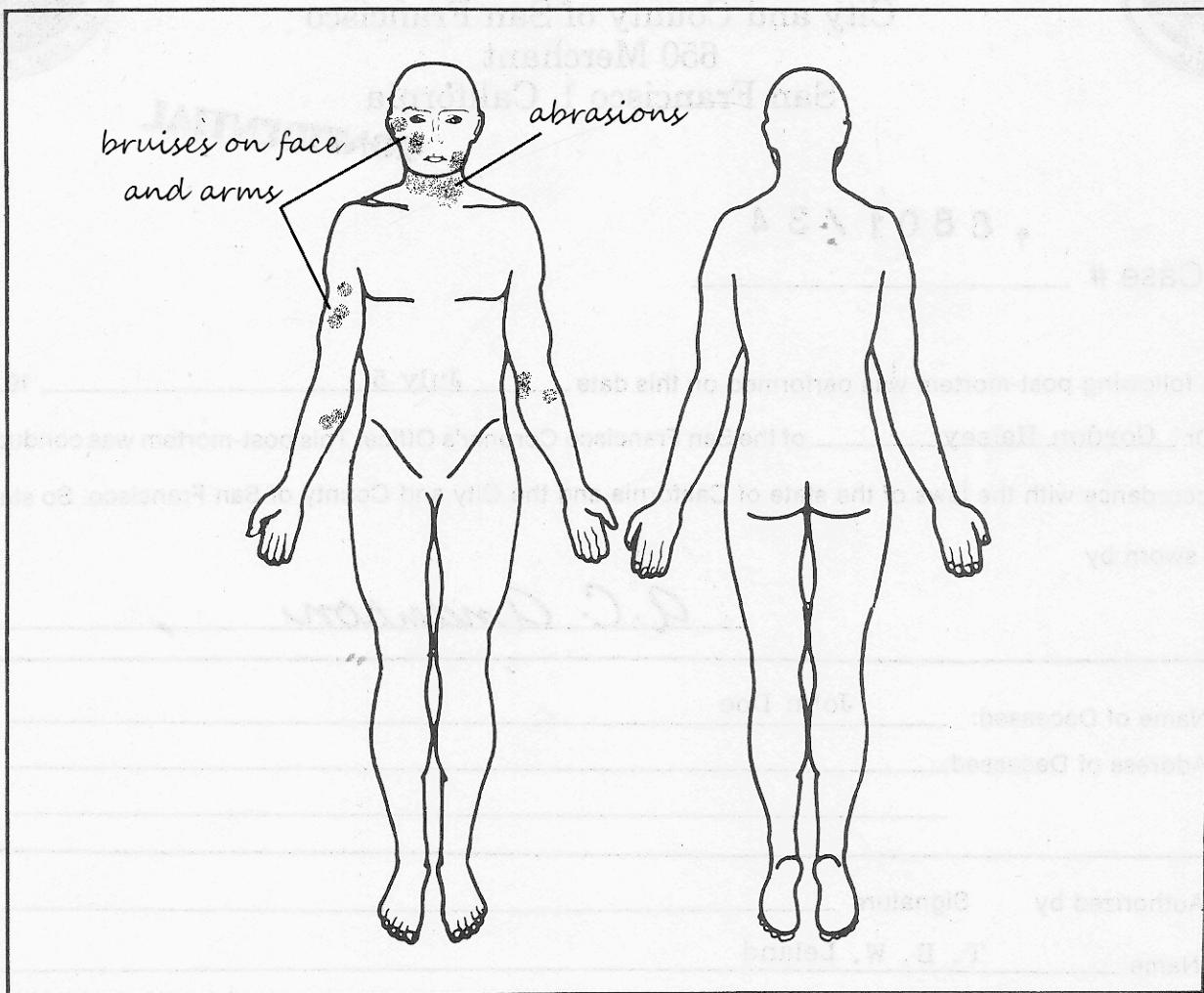
Sex Female Race Caucasian Height 5'2"
Weight 110 lbs. Hair Color Auburn Eye Color Brown
Blood Type B Body Temp. 88° Age 18 yrs.

External examination: Well-nourished white female in late teens

Head & Brain: Minor fresh bruising to the face. Slight abrasions on the throat.

Thorax: Intact, healthy, no damage

Abdomen: No damage



Pelvis: Evidence of recent sexual activity

Extremities: Some minor bruises on arms

Remarks: Death caused by strangulation; death occurred within
2-3 minutes of injury; time of death est. between mid-night and
3:15 a.m. (June 26)

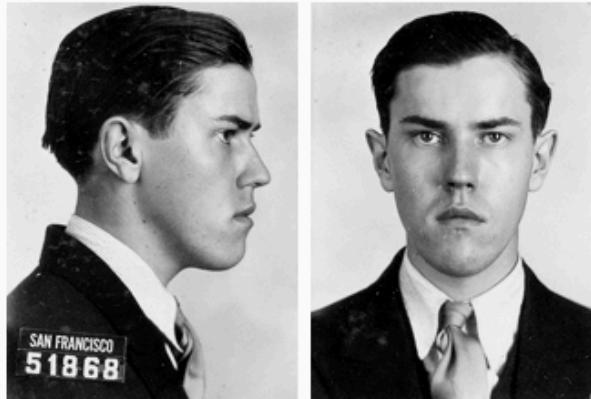
THUMB	FORE FINGER	MIDDLE FINGER	RING FINGER	LITTLE FINGER

Date: 6/26/34

Time: 9:15

Dr. Gordon Nalsey

SFPD # 51868



NAME Chapman Felix E.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 6-4-10 BIRTHPLACE Sausalito, Cal.

HEIGHT 5'9" WEIGHT 245 HAIR Br. EYES Br.

ALIASES: "Chaps"

REMARKS: Missing little finger on
left hand

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
4-28-27	Petty theft	6 month county work- house
11-18-28	Attempted homicide	5 years San Quentin

SFPD # 51869



NAME Andrews Laura E.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX F RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 1-14-12 BIRTHPLACE San Francisco,
Cal.
HEIGHT 5'2" WEIGHT 185 HAIR Red EYES Gr.

ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: _____

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
2-28-30	Prostitution	6 months women's deten- tion center
2-17-34	Drug related offenses	\$500 fine & 1 year probation
3-28-34	Harassment	Released with reprimand

SFPD # 51870



NAME Morris Verna P.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX F RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 10-2-11 BIRTHPLACE Seattle, WA

HEIGHT 5'0" WEIGHT 170 HAIR Bl. EYES Br.

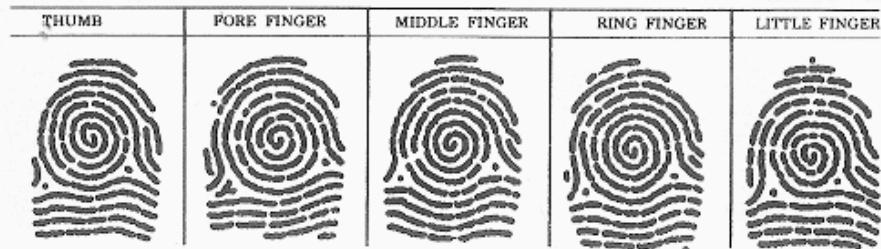
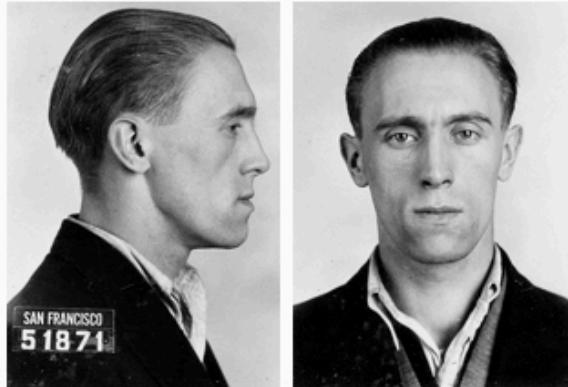
ALIASES: "Laverne"

REMARKS:

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
9-16-32	Intent to commit fraud	6 months suspended sentence
3-24-33	Suspected possession of illegal drugs	Insufficient evidence

SFPD # 51871



NAME Ehling Charles V.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 7-16-07 BIRTHPLACE Chicago
HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT 195 HAIR Auburn EYES Bl.

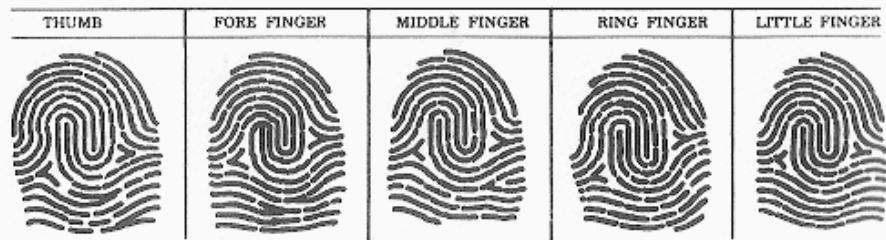
ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: _____

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
	Previous criminal record in Chicago	
6-30-29	Bank Robbery	3 years San Quentin

SFPD # 51872



NAME Bennett Bennie C.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 11-4-92 BIRTHPLACE Atlantic City
N.J.

HEIGHT 5'6" WEIGHT 215 HAIR Br. EYES Br.

ALIASES: "Big Ben"

REMARKS:

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
9-12-27	Falsifying record	6 months suspended sentence
3-2-31	Selling stolen goods	1 year State Pen. sentence suspended
1-9-33	Conspiracy to commit murder	Charges never brought

SFPD # 51873



NAME Humphrey Louis B.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Negro

DATE OF BIRTH 4-19-12 BIRTHPLACE New Orleans

HEIGHT 6'1" WEIGHT 210 HAIR Bl. EYES Br.

ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: _____

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
8-23-29	Conspiracy to commit rape	3 years hard labor
5-12-33	Vehicle theft	Acquitted
7-6-33	Breaking & Enter-ing	3 years State Pen. Escaped Dec 1933. Still at large

SFPD # 32825



NAME Iwata Jirou
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Asian

DATE OF BIRTH Unknown BIRTHPLACE Kyoto, Japan

HEIGHT 4'11" WEIGHT 135 HAIR Bl. EYES Bl.

ALIASES: "Sam"

REMARKS: Preferred weapon a shortened
samurai sword

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
12-11-30	Smuggling	\$500 fine & 1 year probation
6-27-32	Assault with a deadly weapon	30 days sentence suspended

SFPD # 68855



NAME Dias Delores
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX F RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 6-14-08 BIRTHPLACE Oakland, Calif.

HEIGHT 5'11" WEIGHT 175 HAIR Blnd. EYES Gr.

ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: _____

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
4-3-29	Confidence games	6 months women's detention center
2-17-34	Suspected homicide	Insufficient evidence

SFPD # 51684



NAME Volkman Elvira L.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX F RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 4-6-13 BIRTHPLACE San Francisco

HEIGHT 5'1" WEIGHT 135 HAIR Blnd. EYES Bl.

ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: _____

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
1-3-34	Drunk and disorderly conduct	1 month women's detention center

SFPD # 51683



NAME Drewes Paul A.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 9-12-07 BIRTHPLACE Oakland, Cal.

HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT 185 HAIR Bl. EYES Br.

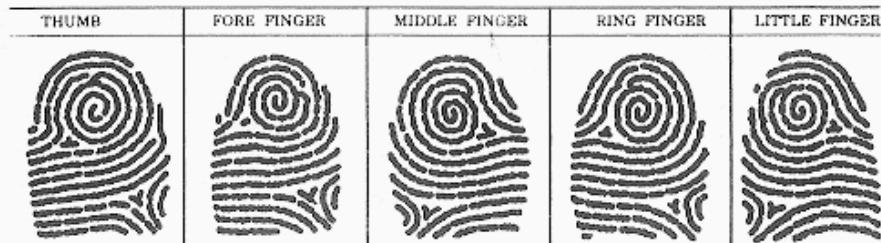
ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: Currently resides at San
Mateo.

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
5-19-28	Engages in various illegal gambling activities	Suspended sentence
7-14-29	Confidence games	Requested by the court to leave town

SFPD # 51682



NAME Holland Edward T.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH 10-2-14 BIRTHPLACE San Francisco

HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT 160 HAIR Br. EYES Gr.

ALIASES: _____

REMARKS: Preferred weapon a switch-
blade.

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
9-11-30	Petty theft	6 months juvenile detention facilities
11-6-33	Threatening with a deadly weapon	Released with warning

SFPD # 51685



NAME De Vito Luciano M.
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

SEX M RACE Cauc.

DATE OF BIRTH Unkwn. BIRTHPLACE Chicago

HEIGHT 6'4" WEIGHT 240 HAIR Br. EYES Br.

ALIASES: Bully

REMARKS: Known associate of Al

Capone.

CRIMINAL HISTORY

DATE	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
	Previous criminal record in Chicago	
4-19-32	Suspected homicide	Never brought to trial--in-sufficient evidence

TEEN GIRL FOUND KILLED

WEATHER

San Francisco—Cool and fair tonight and warmer Wednesday
MEAN TEMPERATURES
San Francisco .45 San Diego .60
Los Angeles .53 Boston .50
Seattle .54 Detroit .57
Omaha .74 Washington .67
New York .64 Atlanta .66

THE CALL BULLETIN

THE CALL—BULLETIN, VOL 155, NO. 135

SAN FRANCISCO, TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1934

3c DAILY 75c a Month



DILLINGER SEEN IN PENN

JOHN DILLINGER REPORTED SEEN IN CENTRE COUNTY YESTERDAY

Is John Dillinger in Centre County? That's what Pennsylvania highway police have been trying to solve since yesterday afternoon when three women, en route from Cleveland Heights, Ohio, to Philadelphia, stopped at the state's police headquarters about 3:15 o'clock and reported passing a man whom they believed was none other than America's Public Enemy number one, travelling in a Ford car bearing an Oklahoma license on the Philipsburg-Port Matilda highway.

According to the women, the car was green with a tan top and occupied by only the driver. They were positive in their belief that the driver was Dillinger himself, basing their belief on various pictures of the notorious outlaw that have appeared in newspapers. The car, they said, was headed toward Port Matilda.

Officer Yougel immediately informed the Bellefonte detail of the Pennsylvania State Motor Patrol and stationed himself at the State College entrance of the road from Port Matilda but the car did not enter. The motor patrol also sent two men out to investigate the story but could find no trace of the car and its occupant.

BRIDGE SADDLES TO ARRIVE HERE IN LATE SUMMER

One unit of the Golden Gate Bridge, the Marin tower, is but a few tons lighter than the combined weight of the four suspension towers of the San Francisco Yerba Buena island section of the Oakland Bay Bridge.

More than 23,300 tons of steel have, to date, gone into construction of the Marin tower; rapidly nearing completion, with construction activities upon it being centered upon riveting, closing in of the portal braces with rustless steel, and painting.

Tower saddles, lately completed in the eastern plant of the McClinic-Marshall corporation, contractors for the steel superstructure of the bridge, will arrive in San Francisco late in the summer. Bridge engineers doubt whether they will place the saddle in position in the same manner used by the engineers in charge of the San Francisco-Oakland bridge. The hazardous method used by the east-bay group was made necessary by the longshoremen's strike.

(Continued on page 4)

NATIONAL GUARD 'JUST PREPARED' IN CALIFORNIA

Orders for National Guard officers to acquaint themselves with emergency mobilization plans were prompted by the "possibility" of trouble in the longshoremen's strike zone, but otherwise were routine and of "no significance," Brig. Gen. Seth Howard, The Adjutant General, said today.

"I have received no orders from Governor Merriam concerning the National Guard and I do not anticipate it will be called out," General Howard said. "Each year we have an emergency drill to keep the Guard fit to meet any situation. The recent routine orders were given mainly as a part of our regular work."

The National Guard has not been used for a good many years and it is best to have officers familiar with a plan of action worked out in advance so they may act quickly in case of an emergency call.

The present appeared to be a good time to carry out this routine preparation as a part of our normal training," General Howard explained.

General Howard said no further instructions had been given to officers other than the order to familiarize themselves with emergency mobilization instructions.

SOUTH SEA TRADER IS ANCHORED HERE

Brought from San Pablo Bay, for scraping and repainting the converted schooner Beulah, owned by George Flood of Sausalito, caused quite a bit of consternation among members of the striking San Francisco longshoremen's unions.

Operated by Flood, in the South Sea Island trade, the Beulah has been anchored in San Pablo Bay for the last few months. When it was found necessary to tow her to Sausalito harbor, San Francisco longshoremen suspected her of being loaded here, by non-union men. Upon investigation they discovered they were mistaken.

FELONS TO HANG FOR APRIL BREAK

Edward I. Butler sentenced Ethan McNabb and William Bagley to death for an assault committed when they attempted to escape from San Quentin several months ago. The date of the hanging was not fixed.

McNabb and Bagley are two of five convicts, four of which were tried for an alleged in-spectacular attempt to escape from the state prison. The others were acquitted. William Southwell, attorney for the defendants, stated that he will appeal the case.



NWP REQUEST FOR HIGHER RATES IS DENIED

The application of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad Company to increase its commutation fares between San Francisco and Marin county points was dismissed Monday by the Railroad Commission.

The order states "that this application has not presented and supported a proposed fare structure for the Commission's consideration, as prescribed by its Rules of Procedure." In other words, the company has failed to set up and present a fare schedule. It was understood, however, that twice the amount of present rates would be necessary to permit operation of the railroad at a profit.

The matter was heard before Commission Leon O. Whitsell and then referred to the entire commission when Attorney Carlos Freitas, representing Marvelous Marin, Inc., protested the application on the ground that it did not conform with the commission's rules of procedure.

SUNDOWNER TO RACE AT TANFORAN ON THE FOURTH

S. F. entrepreneur Scott Hayes has at last confirmed last month's rumor that his prize-winning horse, Sundowner, would challenge Rainbow's End in the Independence Cup race at Tanforan on the fourth. Mr. Hayes, when questioned by reporters at his ranch in San Mateo yesterday, also strongly denied allegations that he was presently considering a bid for the sale of his horse from a local party. "There are many who would welcome the opportunity to purchase Sundowner," he admitted, "but I have no interest whatsoever in selling the prize of my stable at this time." When asked the name of the interested party, Hayes refused comment.

The police welcome information from anyone visiting Sierra Point within the last 24 hours who may have seen anything suspicious or can place Humphrey or any other suspect at the scene of the crime during the hours in question. Please direct all inquiries to Officer Joe DaCosta, S.F.P.D., City Hall.

SAUSALITO FILES PETITION ASKING BRIDGE HIWAY

The Golden Gate Bridge and Highway District's road committee has before it the petition of the Sausalito Chamber of Commerce, signed by 454 property owners and businessmen, asking that an adequate approach be constructed from town to the bridgehead. The bridge directors will give consideration to the petition and it is likely that a hearing will be had in connection with the investigation into the subject of Marin approaches.

The united front being put up by Sausalito dispels the belief held by some bridge directors that a main road leading into town would be a feeder line to the ferries. Since this idea was held a few years ago, the Waldo-Sausalito sector as well as the highway into town has been completed, thereby providing as good a road as would be wanted to serve the boats as well as the bridge.

The Sausalito petition was given to Director W. R. O'Brien of Ukiah and by him presented to the board which referred the matter to the highway committee.

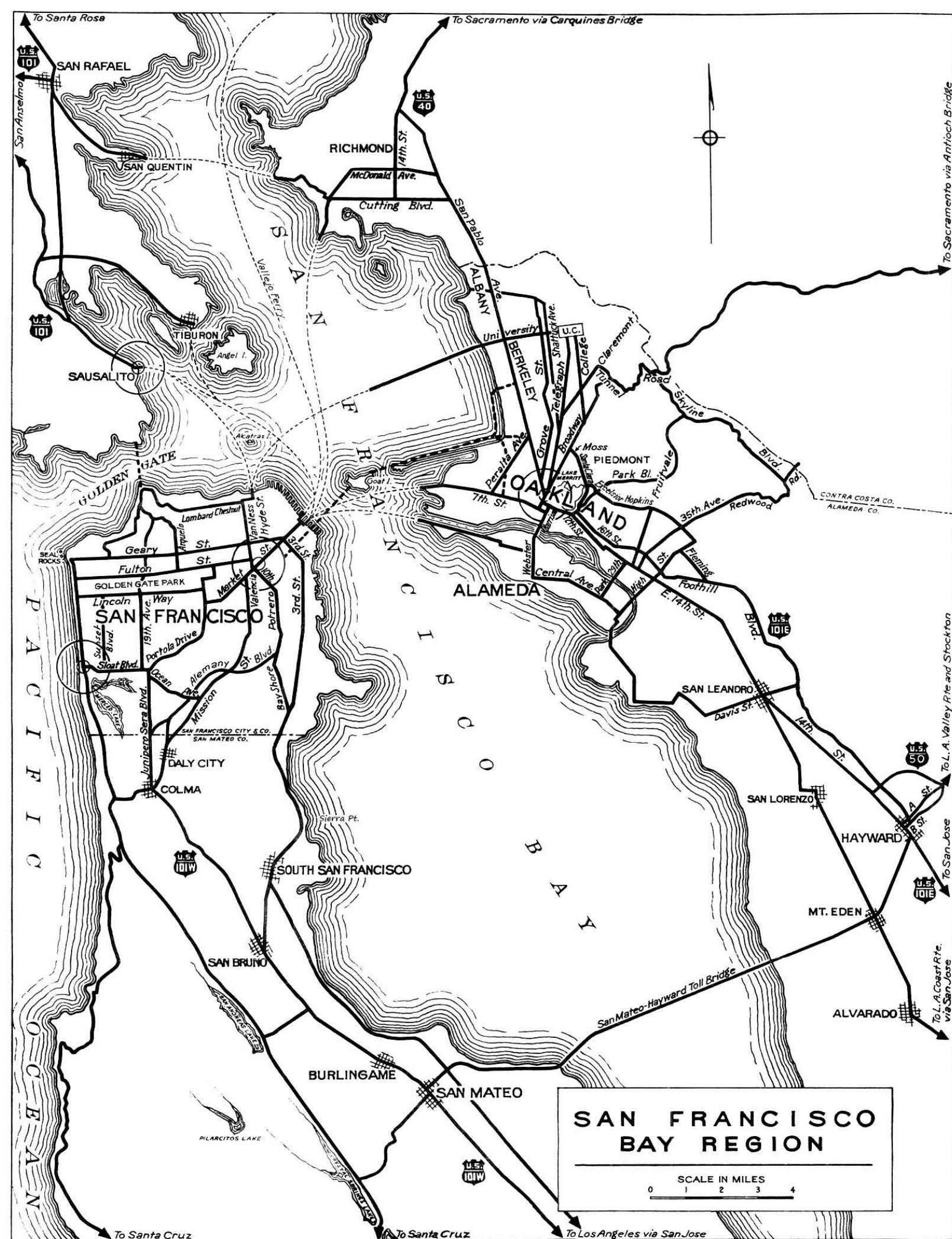
General Manager James Read reported that the State Highway Commission has made three surveys which will take the highway above Sausalito, but the bridge district at a later date may run a lateral from the main approach to town. The estimate for the road from Ft. Baker gate to the bridge fell far short of the type of highway suitable to the Highway Commission.

NEW STAMPS WILL EXPLOIT WEST'S NATIONAL PARKS

One of the greatest tourist and travel assets of the West will be widely advertised through the special series of Uncle Sam's stamps depicting national parks, which postal authorities have announced will be issued in July.

Eight of the series of ten stamps feature a play area of the West, and two of California's four national parks are represented. Yosemite National Park receives particular attention in the series as it will be on the widely used one-cent issue. Other parks will be shown on stamps as follows:

Grand Canyon, Arizona, two-cent stamp; Rainier, Washington, three-cent stamp; Mesa Verde, Colorado, four-cent stamp; Yellowstone, Wyoming, five-cent stamp; Zion, Utah, six-cent stamp; Acadia, Maine, seven-cent stamp; Sequoia, California, eight-cent stamp; Glacier, Montana, nine-cent stamp; and Smoky Mountain, North Carolina and Tennessee, ten-cent stamp.



CLUE 100

	San Francisco	Berkeley	San Rafael	Sausalito	South San Francisco
San Francisco	X	35	50	25	20
Berkeley	35	X	45	60	55
San Rafael	50	45	X	25	70
Sausalito	25	60	25	X	45
South San Francisco	20	55	70	45	X

CLUE 101

"Cynthia Miller's parents tell me that you were out with her part of last night. Can you give me a description of what you did after leaving her house?"

"We caught a ride at about nine o'clock with a couple of chums down to Market Street. They dropped us off near the Lincoln Hotel and we stayed pretty much in that neighborhood. We planned to catch a cab back to our houses later on. We were turned out of a couple of bars before making a late stop at about eleven o'clock at Bimbo's night club. No one told us to leave so we got a table and ordered a couple of drinks. The beer tasted a bit watered down, but neither of us wanted to get in trouble with our folks for drinking so we didn't complain. A couple of glasses wasn't anywhere near enough to get drunk and we were having a great time laughing and talking. Cynthia kept spilling beer into the neck of her halter top."

I give her a surprised look. "Wasn't she wearing a blouse and skirt?"

"Nah, she changed into something a little skimpier as soon as she left her place. I think her parent would have disapproved if she'd have worn it out the front door. It wasn't indecent, just a little playful."

"Did this outfit include a pink silk scarf?"

"No, she didn't have anything around her neck. You could see all the way down the front of her top almost to her belly button. Something flashy she got over in Berkeley. Sequins, the whole works. Her parents wouldn't have liked it one bit, I can tell you that."

"Can you tell me if she was dating anyone local while she was home from college?"

"No, she had a boyfriend back at college. She and I were just looking to have a little girlfriend fun last night, that's all. There's no way she would've been hooking up with any guys, I can tell you that much. She could be a bit flirty, but she wasn't stupid."

"How come she didn't come back home with you like you'd planned?"

"She got to talking with another girl at the club who came in a short while after we did. I don't know who she was, but I do know she must've been chewing some of that Black Jack gum that turns your teeth black 'cause she had some pretty ugly-looking chompers. Kind of unattractive, I think. But she and Cynthia talked together for quite a while over at the bar, and whatever it was they were talking about, they hushed it up pretty quickly when I came by to say that I was thinking about going. Cynthia didn't look like she was ready to leave just yet, and told me to go on without her and that she'd catch a

ride from her new friend, the one she was talking to. I think she might have been looking to buy some cigarettes, but I didn't want to interfere. So I left and she stayed."

"You went right home?"

"Yup. Then I got a call from her parents early this morning to ask if she'd spent the night. I told them no. A few hours later I heard she'd been murdered by some vagrant and dumped in a stolen car out in the country somewhere. I couldn't believe it. I still can't. Do you know what happened?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out."

TIME: 30 minutes

+++++

CLUE 102

Maud Andrews answers the door in a shabby bathrobe and invites me in. I hesitate for a moment, then enter her dimly-lit, basement-level studio apartment. A single narrow window along the ceiling looks out through dried spatters of mud and grime onto the dusty sidewalk and the feet of passing pedestrians. The air is warm and close, but the only identifiable smell my nose can detect is a little pungent incense burning in a metal dish on the tabletop. A crumpled newspaper and half-eaten sandwich lie close by.

"How can I 'elp you, sir?" she asks, offering me a cup of coffee.

"I'm looking for your daughter."

"Which one? I 'ave two. There's the oldest, Barbara. She's recently married and lives over on Page Street. From the look of you, though, I can't imagine she's the one you want. If you're a cop or somethin', then it's probably Laura you're lookin' for. She's the black sheep of the family. Always been in one bit of trouble or another, since she was a little girl. As much as I 'ate to say it, I'd rather 'ave her back here stealin' things and beatin' on her kid sister as out there doin' what she's doin' now. She's a disgrace to this family. She's been arrested for bein' a hooker and now I know she's dealin' drugs and givin' drugs to little kids. She's under probation right now, but that don't stop 'er. And the filthy cigars she smokes. I can't even stand the smell of that vile smoke." She coughs, as if to make her point, and takes my empty cup. "At least I still 'ave Barbara. She's a good girl, and though I can't imagine why, she seems to think she can 'elp her sister. She's taken her in before, talked to her, and tried to be a good example to her. But all to no effect. You can't change what's gone bad."

"Well, I should be going. Thank you, ma'am."

All this talk of tobacco is making me think of the thick pack of smokes poking out of my shirt pocket, but I have the patience to wait until I'm back out on the street before I pull one out and light it up. Looking down into her window from the sidewalk as I exhale deeply, I can see Mrs. Andrews looking up at me with a decided frown.

Happy to disappoint, I think to myself, as I walk away.

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 103

The Sausalito police station is a small building, just big enough for a desk, a couple of chairs, a filing cabinet, and a single eight-by-twelve jail cell along the back wall. Neither of the cell's two bunks are occupied at the moment, which confirms my opinion that the town is indeed a sleepy one. The sound of running water coming from the closet catches my attention. A few seconds later a uniformed officer comes out and I realize that the closet is actually a bathroom.

"How can I help you, fellow?"

"Hi, I'm a private investigator from the Continental Detective Agency, checking out one of your former residents. What can you tell me about Felix Chapman?"

"Beauford Chapman's boy? Not much lately. He's been up at San Quentin for the past few years, serving out a sentence he received over in San Francisco. Before that, he was in and out of here a couple of times. Let me see what we have on file."

The filing cabinet is mostly empty, and it only takes the officer about fifteen seconds to find Chapman's file.

"Here," he offers, handing it to me.

Felix Chapman's juvenile record is unimpressive. Mostly the kind of stuff I was doing when I was a lad.

"I remember the Chapman boy," the officer mentions while I'm still reading. "He used to play with my son after school sometimes, and he seemed like a pretty good kid to me. Then he got mixed up with a couple of rotten apples, once he got a little older. That's when his behavior started to take a turn for the worse. I think it was the bad company that messed him up. Even when we hauled him in for getting drunk and disorderly, he always apologized when we let him out the next morning. The other punks we arrested him with never did that. He was a good kid on the inside, I'm sure, just a little too easily influenced, that's all."

"Alright. Well, thank you for letting me see this," I tell him, returning the file folder to his hands.

"You bet."

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 104

If before 4:00 p.m. go to CLUE 150
If after 4:00 p.m. go to CLUE 127

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CLUE 105

"Excuse me, ma'am. I understand you were at Bimbo's lounge last night."

"Yes, I was."

"Well, I'm investigating the, ah, disappearance of a young girl who stopped by there late last evening, and was wondering if you might have talked to her."

"Do you remember what she had on? I do talk to a lot of people."

"She was wearing a sequined red and white-striped halter top, with an opened neck. Her friend who came in with her said she spent some time talking with another lady over by the bar."

"Well, it couldn't have been me, I don't hang around at the bar. My regular booth is over by the billiard tables and I get all the visitors I can handle from that corner. There's always someone waiting for a table and looking for some company."

She flashes me a broad smile, and I can tell from the color of her teeth that she's not the woman I'm looking for.

"You're kind of cute, though," she continues. "Do you play a lot of pool?"

"No, my game's solitaire," I hint, "and I'm really good at it."

She's still smiling as I back out the door.

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 106

Dr. Halsey is autopsying another body when I arrive, and he declines to shake my hand. I position myself in the room so that I don't have to look at the dead guy's face, and ask the doctor if he knows anything else about the Cynthia Miller killing.

"Yes, I did find small traces of some narcotic in her bloodwork. That was after I'd written up her report, so it wasn't included. From this new evidence, I speculate that she could have been drugged to a semi-conscious state, which certainly would have facilitated whoever molested and then strangled her. These kinds of drugs are used to induce a deep sleep with very little of the euphoria traditionally associated with the use of such drugs by addicts, and while it wouldn't have prevented her from some struggling against her attacker, it wouldn't have been enough to stop what he was doing to her. And though I'm sure it's little consolation to her loved ones, the drug probably eased the discomfort of her strangulation, and somewhat prolonged the onset of necrosis in her cells."

"What would you say was used to choke her?"

"The bruising on her neck would have been caused by a piece of soft rope or cloth. I understand the police found a silk scarf with her body. I assume that was the murder weapon."

"How about the assault to the rest of her body?"

"I mentioned that she might have struggled some, even if drugged, and the scratches and bruises on her arms and face seem to confirm this. She would have fought off her attacker with her arms, and taken a few unflinching retaliatory strikes to the face. The drugs would have limited her ability to ward off threatening blows."

"Was she raped?"

"Well, she wasn't a virgin when I examined her. But that doesn't confirm that she was raped in this instance. She's certainly been sexually assaulted, but not in any way that resembles normal intercourse. Her attacker doesn't appear to have been wholly successful, and it's difficult to say what inhibiting factors prevented his completion of the act. Maybe he changed his mind, or was interrupted

by something. For the time being, we're classifying it as sexual assault and not rape. Of course that still doesn't answer the question of why he killed her, especially if rape was not the objective. I really can't answer that question."

"Thank you for your time, doctor."

TIME: 30 minutes

+++++

CLUE 107

"What news?" the Old Man shouts out to me from his smoky office as I walk in through the door.

"Not too much just yet. I'm still trying to get my bearings on this thing."

"If you haven't done it already, have a careful look at the crime scene yourself. The police are sure to have missed something vital. Then you should hit the police station and the coroner's office to see if they've turned up anything new since the Bulletin ran the story. And it wouldn't hurt to get a statement from Humphrey himself – the police 'll tell you where he's being held – and also have a talk with the district attorney, since he'll be handing the case against Humphrey. Then see where things take you."

"Thanks, boss."

"There now, off you go," he snorts, as he shoves my out of his office, "and bring me back some good news!"

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 108

Slipping around to the back yard I manage to find an unfastened window and let myself into one of the back rooms of the house. I startle a sleeping cat and it scampers away with a loud screech and bristling fur to parts unknown. A quick survey of the ground floor confirms my suspicion that no one is at home, and I proceed into the front sitting-room that I saw from the porch. There is nothing at all suspicious or out-of-place downstairs, so I make my way up the stairs to the second floor. There are three upstairs rooms, and a quick examination of two of them show them to be the master bedroom and a tidy sewing closet with several half-finished garments lying draped over boxes and chairs. Photos of elderly family members hang on the wall in the hallway, and there is a large vase of fresh flowers on a small letter-writing table.

The third upstairs room is in sharp contrast to the rest of the house. Though obviously a spare bedroom, the presence of a recent occupant is readily apparent. A half-unloaded suitcase lies opened on the bed, its crumpled contents spilling out onto the floor and under the bed. Fistfuls of toiletries and personal effects lie scattered in disorganized heaps on the bedside table and clothes press. There is a large cracked ashtray, with a single chewed cigar butt protruding from it. Lying close to the ashtray and

away from the rest of the mess is a small UC-Berkeley college ring, with an expensive-looking ruby-colored stone shining from its apex, and also a couple of tiny diamond earrings. From the looks of the rest of the junk in this room, I can't imagine the ring or earrings would look natural on either the finger or ear lobes of their present owner.

Not wanting to look foolish exiting through the same back window, I peak through the sitting-room curtains to make sure no one is walking by on the sidewalk, then slip out casually through the front door, leaving it unlocked behind me.

TIME: 30 minutes

CLUE 109

CLUE 110

I knock on Laura Andrew's apartment door for a couple of minutes before I decide that no one is home. I press my ear against the door, listening for movement, but don't hear anyone stirring inside. I am preparing to force open the lock when I hear faint footsteps in the stairwell below. Thinking that it might be her arriving home, I slip quietly into a shadowy alcove to wait.

The young woman whose face finally appears at the top of the stairs is tall, thin and blond-haired. Her body language as she steps across the hallway and pauses in front of the door tells me that she is only a visitor and not the resident of the apartment. Her repeated knocks likewise go unanswered.

"Laura," she calls in loudly through the keyhole, "it's your sister. Are you at home?" Still no reply. She turns back to the stairs.

I have to think quickly. Should I hang around until after she's left and search the apartment myself for clues, or should I talk to the woman instead? While it's clear that she doesn't know where her sister is at present, she still might have some other useful information.

TIME: 15 minutes

If you want to follow the woman go to CLUE 146
If you want to enter the apartment go to CLUE 119

CLUE 111

The Marina Garage used to be a bootlegger's hideout before the police shut it down back in '31. Since then it's been used by the cops to house impounded vehicles and other confiscated property too large or awkward for the station's regular storage facility. In one corner leans the rusting hull of a harbor tugboat that had been used by smugglers to disperse contraband throughout the Bay area at least twenty years ago. Piled in another part of the building are some large crates and irregularly-shaped cargo boxes that appear to have been opened and then reclosed at least a few times, no doubt for inventorying purposes. Then there are the vehicles, many of which are no more than hopeless derelicts, abandoned by their former owner's at the city's expense. The oldest among them resemble little better than the horse-drawn carriages they replaced twenty years ago, now suffocating under two decades of grime, cobwebs and decay.

The latest arrivals are parked closer to the front, and this is where I direct my search. It doesn't take me long to find the 1928 Ford Model-A sedan, parked right inside the front doors. Its wheel hubs are still spattered with fresh mud from last night's dampness, and its weathered dark-blue finish has not yet been dulled by any coating of dust.

I examine the exterior of the vehicle first, taking one good fingerprint from the passenger-side door. The front lights are thickly encrusted with flies and other dead insects, indicating that it had been recently driven during the late evening hours and outside of the city. That means that whoever took the car out to Sierra Point did so not long before the time of the murder.



Opening the driver-side door, the handle of which yielded no clear fingerprints, I examine the interior next. The upholstery is worn but well-cleaned, and from the scarcity of sand and dried mud on the driver-side floorboards it's obvious that the vehicle had been seldom used by its owner during at least the last couple of months, and probably much longer. There is a long auburn-colored hair still clinging to the back of the driver's seat, and over on the passenger's side lies a sheer pink silk scarf, the fabric stretched and torn in at least three spots. From the steering wheel I manage to lift two sets of prints, and a third one that is partially smudged from the vicinity of the ashtray. And from under the backside of the passenger's seat, in a crevice between the edge of the floorboards and the metal underframe, I discover the smoked-down stump of a cigar butt.

Bagging and pocketing the cigar butt and my print reports, I close the car door and exit the garage.

TIME: 30 minutes
FINGERPRINT: CLUE 144

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CLUE 112

The foyer of Fred Humphrey's Grant Avenue boarding-house is noisy and crowded as I enter and quickly make my way up the creaking stairs to his sweltering sixth-floor room. He looks just as tired and agitated as when I saw him last, and when he asks me if I have any good news about his brother I tell him what I've learned so far. When I'm done telling him, it doesn't sound like all that much new information, so I quickly apologize for taking him away from his cold dinner and hurry back down to the street.

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 113

"No, I didn't see a couple of girls come in last night," the desk clerk at the Lincoln Hotel tells me.
"What kind of hotel do you think we're running here, mister?"

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 114

Department of Motor Vehicles	CLUE 138
Police	CLUE 129

+++++

CLUE 115

When I arrive on the University of California campus at Berkeley it quickly becomes obvious that the place has been shut down for the summer. The only inhabitants are a couple of pigeons busily defiling the statue of a couple of football players near the Life Sciences building. I curse myself for wasting at least an hour of my day.

TIME: 15 minutes

CLUE 116

"You say my daughter was seen hanging out with a couple of dudes at Bimbo's night club last evening? Thank you for bringing this to my attention."

TIME: 15 minutes

CLUE 117

"I will be handling the city's case against Louis Humphrey," the District Attorney explains. "I have not heard whether or not the victim's parents plan to bring separate charges of their own. What, may I ask, is your interest in the case?"

"I've been hired by the suspect's brother to look for evidence of his innocence."

"I doubt you'll have much luck at that. The police claim that he has no alibi for his whereabouts in the hours preceding the crime, and the witnesses who reported seeing him in the vicinity of the crime scene confirm that no one else was present when he flagged them down in their car and told them to get the police because he'd found a dead body. I understand there may be some concerns that race or prejudice have biased our interpretation of the facts, but I promise you that Mr. Humphrey will be given the same considerations that any other person accused of either rape or murder are granted by our legal system. This is not a witch hunt or a lynching. The courts, not vigilantes, will decide this matter."

"When you say 'facts,' what exactly are you referring to?"

"Primarily the testimony of police and the other few witnesses we've been able to identify. And there is also the suspect's criminal history, which, although he cannot be re-tried for past crimes, displays an unmistakable pattern of similar criminal activities. His record may be short, but his past crimes include suspected rape and auto theft, both of which figure prominently into the present case. His fugitive status is another black mark against him. Juries are always leery of former convicts who show no evidence of reform following their term of incarceration. That he also chose to escape from a correctional facility can only further confirm his lack of repentance for past crimes."

"You seem to have him all figured out," I observe. "I suppose his prison days will be over?"

"Most certainly. We intend to seek the death penalty unless the man's innocence is demonstrated to our absolute satisfaction, or another killer is confirmed. Should either occur, his punishment will still entail completing his former sentence at the State Penitentiary, with some added time as a penalty for his escape. Given his present situation, I doubt he'll complain about that."

"No, I think you're right."

TIME: 15 minutes

CLUE 118

The Miller residence on McAllister Street is a swanky, two-floor estate with a black iron gate and a shiny maroon 1932 Renault Primastella parked in the front driveway. A chauffeur is busy waxing the car's hood as I stand banging my knuckles sore against the metal of the gate. He finally notices me as he turns his body to go around to the other side of the car, and when I explain why I'm there he lets me into the driveway and points me towards the door.

"You can let yourself in right over there. The maid will answer your knock at the inside door."

As promised, the maid ushers me into the front lobby and offers to take my coat. I decline and she leads me into a more spacious parlor near the rear of the ground floor. I can see the Millers out on the back patio, and the maid goes out to let them know that I'm waiting for them inside.

"Who shall I tell them is here to see them?" she asks.

"I'm a detective looking into the murder of their daughter."

"Thank you, mister."

She exits by the patio door and about fifteen seconds later Judson Miller and his wife re-enter the parlor.

"Welcome to our home," he says, extending his hand. "This is my wife, Patricia. We really appreciate that you're looking into this tragedy of ours. We're still in shock ourselves. If there's anything we can do or say that would help your investigation, please let us know."

The woman's only response to her husband's tactful allusion to their daughter's death is a stifled sigh of grief and a single tear that she quickly wipes away. I don't doubt for a moment that she's been sorely devastated by the loss of her child, but it's clear that a lifetime of social posturing has taught her to keep her emotions well hidden from public scrutiny.

"What I need to know is what was going on in your daughter's life before last night?"

"Well, she was staying here during her summer recess from college. During the school year she lived with a couple of roommates at a rented house in Oakland, but we invited her to stay in her old room for her vacation. We were all looking forward to a family trip to the house in Burlingame next week for the fourth of July. We usually catch the horse-race over at Tanforan, and were really hoping to see Sundowner run against Rainbow's End this year."

"What about last night?"

"Well, she and a friend – Candice Siebert, who she's known since grade school – they planned to hang out with some of their other friends downtown last evening. Now Cynthia, she'd been living away from home for almost a year now, and since she's over eighteen, we didn't feel the need to set any curfew for her while she was staying here, just so long as she didn't get into any trouble or stay out all night. We knew she'd tried cigarettes once or twice already, and we were okay with that – my wife and I both smoke ourselves – but she didn't drink or do drugs, and we expected her to keep that up, especially while she was living under our roof."

"About what time did she and her friend leave last night?"

"I believe it was a little after nine o'clock when they left. Some friends picked them up in a car and they headed in the direction of the Civic Center and Market Street."

"Any boyfriends, or all girls?"

"It was all girls, as far as I know. Cynthia had a pretty serious boyfriend over at Berkeley, and the past two weeks he was the only boy we heard her talk about. I realize that she is a teenager, but

she's never been one to go crazy over boys, even when she was younger. And my wife and I have tried our best, from our twenty-two years together, to be a good example to her."

"Any chance her boyfriend from Berkeley might have been in the city last night?"

"No, he lives in Los Angeles, and she's been keeping in touch with him by mail. Yesterday she spent the morning writing him another letter and had one of the servants deliver it to the post office in the afternoon."

"Where can I find this Candice Siebert?"

"Her father's name is John. He and I play golf together sometimes. Their house is over on Thirty-Fifth Ave."

"Well, that's probably enough for me to go on for now. I'll be in touch with you if I have any further questions."

"Please stop by anytime, day or night. Would you like a drink before you go?"

"No thanks, I still have a busy day ahead of me. My condolences for your loss," I tell them, turning slightly towards the woman as I say it.

"Thank you," she replies, as another tear slides down her cheek. This one she does not wipe away.

TIME: 30 minutes

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CLUE 119

I wait until the woman's footsteps have faded from the stairwell, then slink back out of my corner. Approaching the door to Laura Andrews' empty apartment, I quickly pop open the lock and step quickly into the messy interior. It's evident that someone's still living here, despite the odor and the amount of dirty laundry and unwashed dishes lying around. I realize, though, from the mess, that a thorough search is going to take a little time.

From a scattered pile of opened mail on the kitchen table I make a lucky find. One of the letters is from a relative, Maud Andrews, who lives on fifteen-forty-three Larkin Street. I memorize the address. The remaining envelopes yield no additional leads.

My examination of the bedroom uncovers a mass of drug paraphernalia, softcore pornography and several gaudy ashtrays scattered about, each overflowing with thick, dark, smoked-down cigar butts. Inside a cigar box hidden under the bed, I unearth an impressive stash of small colored pills, probably illegal narcotics, subdivided by color into numerous unlabeled glassine envelopes. On top of these pills lies a folded sheet of paper, with a long list of illegible scrawls which I take to be a directory of Laura Andrews' drug clients, though I'm unable to decipher a single name or address on the list, so sloppy is the handwriting. Lying on top of all this is another name and address, written in a fairer hand on a monogrammed cocktail napkin from Bimbo's lounge. It reads



I pocket this clue, and return the cigar box to its dusty hiding place beneath the bed.

Something the size of a small suitcase has been removed from the closet. Given the number of empty clothes hangers and absent toiletries from the bathroom, I estimate that Laura Andrews plans to be away for at least a couple of days. As I pull the apartment door shut behind me, breathing in the fresher air of the hallway, I try to think *where* she might be staying.

TIME: 45 minutes

FINGERPRINT: CLUE 137

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CLUE 120

Checking with the office receptionist I'm told that there are no phone messages for me, but as I'm picking up a spare pack of cigarettes from my desk, Mickey Linehan tells me that he did answer a call for me from the New Orleans office while I was out and that I should call them back right away.

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 121

The San Francisco Branch No. 1 jail on Dunbar and Washington is where the police hold suspects awaiting trial who cannot make bail. Maybe their families can't raise the money. Maybe the court thinks they'll skip town and refuses to grant it. Or even maybe, as in Louis Humphrey's case, it's a combination of both, with a few other reasons thrown in for good measure. No matter what the reason, or what the outcome, it isn't likely that Louis Humphrey 'll be seeing the outside of a jail cell for a good long time. And if I fail, it could be a coffin sooner than he'd like to as well. So as I approach the warden's front desk, and tap my finger bluntly against the wired glass to draw his attention from a mountain of paperwork, I do so without the expectation of a warm welcome from anyone inside this brick-walled fortress of despair. Least of all from Louis Humphrey.

After explaining the reason for my visit to the warden, and after his two phone calls – first, to Joe DaCosta and then to the agency to confirm who I am – he turns me over to a surly prison guard who

leads me (without so much as a hello) into an adjoining visiting room to wait. Five minutes later the other door in the room opens, and I see Louis Humphrey for the first time.

The look in his eyes shows me that he's disappointed that I'm not his brother, or even a familiar face. But since I'm going to need him to cooperate with my questioning, I decide that a friendly introduction is in order.

"Hello, Mr. Humphrey. I'm here at the request of your brother to look into the possibility that a wrongful charge may have been brought against you." As I'm talking, I slide a cigarette out from the half-filled pack in my coat pocket. "Would you care for a smoke?"

"No thanks," he declines, the hostility in his eyes somewhat softened. I light it up myself and take a long drag. Then I blow the smoke towards the ceiling.

"Like I said, I've been employed by your brother to look into this case. The police wouldn't tell him where you were, so he came to me, and now I'm here to get your story."

"Tell me what you need to know."

"Well, for starters, do you have any kind of alibi for the hours just before you found Cynthia Miller's body?"

"Cynthia Miller? That's her name? I didn't know."

"No I don't suppose you would, unless you'd seen the story in the paper."

"No, I haven't."

"So what were you doing just before you found the body?"

"Well, I was hitchhiking up from San Carlos, where I'd been sort o' hiding out the past couple of days. See, I got out of the State Pen a while back..."

"Broke out, you mean," I interrupted, correcting him. This was not the time for any sloppy answers.

"Yah, I broke out a while back and was cooling my heels out in Redwood City until about a week ago. I run into one o' the boys and he swore he'd turn me in to the cops if I didn't give him what I had for money. Well, I was bum broke just then, but I told him I'd get what I could, if he'd give just me a little time. Well, I was on the road north within the hour – didn't even stop to collect my stuff – and made it to San Carlos before I had to stop for a little sleep and maybe some food, if I could get any. I hung out around there for a few days, then decided my best bet was to see if my brother 'd help me out for a while. So I got a little food and a blanket out of a trash can, and took the road north, avoiding the bigger towns as much as possible. I had a nice fellow, he gave me a ride in the back o' his truck just above Millbrae, and he took me as far as South San Francisco, where he was going. That was yesterday evening. I got back on the road just after dark, the road that goes along the Bay, hoping to make the city by morning."

"That's the road that passes by Sierra Point, where you found the body?"

"I guess. I don't know the names of all the places, but that's the road I took. I'd hiked it before, when I first come out to 'Frisco, but goin' the other way."

"So what happened after that?"

"I walked for a while as it got full dark, and I stopped to heat up a late dinner after noticing that it wasn't likely that I'd be able to catch a ride 'cause there wasn't hardly no traffic on that road. I don't know what time it was when I passed that spot, but I could see a little moonlight reflecting off o' something away back in the bushes over by the cliff and I thought maybe another hiker had a tent or a campfire over there. The place looked deserted, so I went on over. Then I saw it was a car and that made me look to get a ride. The passenger-door was on my side, and I could see someone sitting up in

there. I got close enough to see that it was a girl, and I wondered what the heck she was doing alone out here. I felt kind o' stupid hanging around that car, so I stepped up and tapped on the side window, hoping maybe she'd wake up and take me to town. Heck, even if she screamed her lungs out I'd still get on my way a whole lot quicker running away than walking. Well, she didn't stir at all, even when I knocked again a minute or so later. I figured she'd take a little while to come to, but she didn't do nothing but keep right on lying there. I thought about going back up to the road about then and leaving her alone, but something just didn't seem right about it all. That's when I did something real dumb."

"What's that?"

"I tried the door latch. Softly at first, just enough to make a little noise. But the door popped open and that's when I saw that she wasn't sleeping. No one sleeps with their eyes open."

"What else did you see?"

"Well, I could see that some of her clothes had been loosened up. This," he pointed to his chest, "was right open and her dress had been turned up to her waist. It scared me just to look at it all. If I'd have known what was in that car, I wouldn't have walked down to it. I'd have walked right on by."

"What after that?"

"Well, I slammed the door back closed like I'd put my hand on the fire. What a noise that made. I walked right back up to the road and that's when I saw a couple o' lights coming towards me a little ways off. It was someone driving by and I did the first thing that come into my head. I ran right up into the road and made them stop so that I could tell them what I'd found. I wanted someone else to know so I could stop being afraid of what I'd seen. I didn't care who it was, just so they'd take me away from there. Well, I knew right off when I saw their faces that I wouldn't get no ride from them, but I still made 'em stop and said I needed the police. When I said there was a dead girl back a ways off o' the road, they told me to stick around and that they'd send some cops. So I walked back down to where the car was, but not close enough to see any more of that girl, and they drove off for help. I had a smoke while I waited – the last one I had on me – and after a little while a couple o' police cars pulled in and drove right up to where I was standing.

"Well, they had me cornered between the two cars as soon as they got out – an older cop and a younger one – wouldn't even have a look at the other car until they'd asked me who I was and what I was doing there. I guess I must have told them my name, 'cause even before I'd finished telling them what I knew, the younger one said he knew who I was, that I'd busted out o' jail a while back and that the Feds were all looking for me. Then the older guy went over to the car where the girl was, while the guy who said he knew me stayed right close, and the guy at the car said 'Oh, my God!' and told the guy next to me to throw a set o' handcuffs onto me. They didn't want to hear nothing I had to say after that. And they haven't listened to a word that I've had to say since then."

"It's obvious that they figured you for the killer."

"I guess I should have expected that, but I was too scared to think straight after I saw that girl. It's as much my fault as anyone else's."

"What do you mean?"

"I shouldn't have been down there in the first place. I should have listened to my gut and kept right on walking down that road. But something made me turn aside and damn myself right into this hell!"

He was angry now, and I moved to keep him calm.

"Hold on," I told him, "You haven't told me everything I need to know yet."

"What else is there?"

"Did the police tell you why they were arresting you?"

"Yah, for murdering that girl."

"But what was their suspicion?"

"Everything. Why was I there? What was her name? Where'd I get the car? Where'd I take her from? What had I done to her? Why was I even in that car?"

"How did they know you'd been inside the car?"

"They told me they'd seen my fingerprints on one of the doors. When I tried to tell them why, they didn't even listen."

"So they brought you here?"

"Yup. Then when they saw my criminal record – which is a pile of lies – then they lit right into me. Made me out to be some kind of monster. But I never did any o' those things they accused me o' doing."

"Our office in New Orleans has a report on your criminal history that I've requested."

"It's all lies," he repeated. "But that – and this," he points to his face – "that's what I'm being judged by. I broke out o' the Pen for my own safety, but it doesn't seem to be any safer out here."

"What do you mean?"

"I broke out 'cause another guy threatened he'd kill me just for being ugly. Not my face, you understand, but because of my skin. And I know he meant it. Breaking out seemed a lot safer compared to that. At least, that's what I thought at the time. I guess the fire is still hotter than the stove. Now, I'd gladly show that bastard my face every day till the last hour of my sentence rather than have to show it to my executioner, or to God."

"Don't lose heart. We're working for you out there, and I promise to do everything in my power to find out what really happened. If what you've told me is the truth, we'll get you out of here. You'll still have to finish your sentence at the State Pen, but you'll have your life to finish afterwards."

"Thank you." For the first time I see him smile. "I think I'll have that cigarette now."

"Here, take the rest," I offer, handing him the rest of my pack.

"Thanks. It's not the brand I smoke. But they won't get any for me in here. Even the cheap Twenty Grands I asked for. And that's all I've ever smoked. But these will do me just fine."

"Hope to have you cleared before you run out."

"Me too."

TIME: 1 hour

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CLUE 122

There are lights on in Barbara Andrews' house as I hurry up the front walk to the porch. I can see her seated with a paperback novel in the front sitting-room as I climb the steps and approach the front door. She answers my knock with a smile.

"Hello, I suppose you're looking for my sister, aren't you. I'm sorry to say she packed her bags and left about a half hour ago."

"Any idea where she might be heading?" I query.

"No idea," she confesses. "I think she said something about getting out of the city for a couple of days, so maybe she's staying with some of her friends in Oakland, though I can't tell you anything more definite than that. She has lots of friends that I don't know about, and comes and goes whenever she likes. I just keep my doors open for her when she needs a place to crash for a couple of days."

"Alright. If you do hear anything new, could you please let me know?" I scribble the office phone number on a scrap of paper from my pocket and quickly leave.

I figure it's just about time to call it a day. First I need a quick sandwich and a cup of coffee at Hunter's and a few minutes to collect my thoughts. Then I have just one more stop to make for the night – the Old Man's office.



+++++

CLUE 123

Bimbo's lounge is almost deserted at this early hour, but a few afternoon patrons are seated and smoking in the back. A sleepy barmaid, probably missing a few hours of sleep since last night's shift, perks up at my approach, and pulls out a tall glass from under the bar.

"What'll it be, mister," she asks, with a flirty smile.

"Just a little information," I tell her. She frowns and replaces the glass underneath the bar. I slide a bowl of peanuts towards myself and swallow a couple before continuing.

"I'm wondering if you could tell me who was in here last night. Especially some young ladies."

"Ah," she answers, with a facetious glint in her eye.

"It's not what you think," I quickly reply. "I'm trying to trace a couple of young ladies who stopped by here last night at about eleven o'clock. One of them turned up murdered later on and I'm trying to see who she might have left with. The girl she came in with says she left with someone else at about eleven thirty. I figured that maybe someone who was working here last night might be able to remember any other familiar faces at about that time."

"Wow! Who's the girl that got killed?"

"She's not a regular, I'm sure, so you probably wouldn't know her. But the woman her friend says she left with sounds like someone who's been around here a lot. Can you think of anyone you might have seen?"

"Well, I do remember seeing Candice Siebert and another strange girl at about ten thirty or so. Then a couple of younger-looking girls came in with a couple of guys, but they didn't get any drinks. Just played some pool and left about an hour before we closed up. One of them, I remember, was Patricia Kilmartin. Laura Andrews was in for a couple of minutes, but I didn't see her leave with anyone. The only other girls I saw were older women who come in here just about every night of the week and usually

leave with whoever does the asking, if you know what I mean. There's Zoe Parenti and May Huber, and they're usually pretty lucky with the really drunk ones."

"Thanks, that might be useful," I tell her, grabbing a couple more peanuts as I leave.

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 124

The Old Man	CLUE 145
Messages	CLUE 120
Call from New Orleans office	CLUE 143

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CLUE 125

Cynthia Miller	CLUE 106
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CLUE 126

"Yes, Felix Chapman is my son. He's the only family I have left, since my wife died three years ago. What do you need to know about him?"

"His name has come up in a case I'm handling right now. I was just wondering if you could tell me a little bit about his criminal history."

"It's not anything I'm proud of, but he was arrested for stealing from a shop-keeper just before he turned eighteen. He worked for a few months in the county workhouse to pay for that. Later, he got to hanging out with a bad crowd over in the city and from what I hear was convicted of trying to kill someone. They sent him over to San Quentin for about five years, and it's just been about six months since he's been released. I hope he hasn't gotten messed up in anything serious again?"

"He's not a suspect at present, but I'm just making sure. The police found his car abandoned south of the city early this morning with a dead girl in it. The story's in the Call-Bulletin, in case you haven't seen it yet."

"Oh, dear! And you say he's not a suspect?"

"No. He reported the car missing or stolen a day before the murder took place, so the police are convinced that he was not involved in the girl's death. But it's possible the car was taken by someone he knows, so I'm checking into who he hangs out with. Do you know anyone?"

"Well, since he's been out of prison, there's only a few people he associates with that I'm aware of. He has a friend in the city whose name is Leigh Jones – a college student or something – he might know a few more of my son's friends. And then there's his girlfriend, Jill Sommers, who also lives in San

Francisco, with her parents. Felix brought her over to see me a month or so ago. A real nice, clean-cut girl. Not like the tramps he's been with before. I think he knew that, 'cause he never brought any of them here to see me."

"Do you know what he's been up to since he's been out of prison?"

"Not much, just that he seems to be hanging out with a better crowd than before they put him in. If you talk to the girlfriend and to the friend, I'm sure they can tell you more."

"I'll do that. Thank you very much."

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 127

"Yah, what can I do for you?" a tired-looking young man with angry eyes asks me.

"Mr. Felix Chapman?"

"Yah, that's me."

"Hi, I'm an operative for the Continental Detective Agency. I'm handling a case for a client whose brother has been accused in the Miller girl killing that took place last night."

"Yah, I heard about that. The guy stole my car."

"May I come in, please?"

"Sure, sure, come right in." He offers me a chair, which I decline. "So what have you got so far?"

"Well, the DMV has the car registered to you, so I'm just checking to see what you might know about it."

"The only thing I know is that my car disappeared from around the corner sometime yesterday afternoon. As you can see, I live in an apartment building here, and I don't exactly have a front driveway where I can park my vehicle and keep an eye on it all the time. I've had the car for about six years – bought it off a guy who bought it brand new three months earlier – and never had no trouble parking it around the corner for as long as I've owned it – even the whole time that I was locked up in jail, and that was five whole years. And then yesterday, I left the apartment on my way to work and had to walk all the way up to Fisherman's Wharf – that's forty-two blocks from here – just 'cause some crook's too lazy to walk where he needs to get to. Took me almost two hours to get to work yesterday, and I almost lost my job because of it. The boss was sure angry. And I still don't know where the cops have got my car stashed away."

"Did you report the car stolen when you found out that it was missing?"

"Yah, I stopped into the police station on my way to work yesterday and filed a report with one of the officers over there. He said they'd send a guy down to my neighborhood right off to check it out, but I didn't hear nothin' else 'til today. Two other cops came by here at about seven this morning to tell me that they found my car someplace out of town. They had a few other odd questions for me, like if I smoked or if I knew anything more about who might have taken the car. I told 'em I hadn't smoked for the last few months and let 'em look around to see for themselves that I didn't have no cigarettes in the place. That satisfied them. Then they asked me if I knew a girl named Cynthia Miller and I said no. Apparently whoever stole my car drove it out of town and when the cops found it there was a dead girl

in the front seat. I told them that I'd reported the car stolen yesterday and they showed me a copy of my report that they had with them. They told me I wasn't suspected in the girl's killing, but to stay where they could find me in case they had more questions. I guess that's why you're here?"

"As I think I mentioned, my client is the brother of the man they've arrested for suspicion of the murder. I'm trying to find out if someone else might have taken the car."

"Probably just some guy looking for a car to steal. The only person I know who'd probably take my car without permission is my old girlfriend, Laura Andrews. That's just the kind of stunt she'd pull to screw with me. She drove it a few times back in '28, just before I went to jail and we were still going together, and she's still the only person I know who'd go ahead and take it without asking. I figured it was her when I saw it was missing yesterday."

"Did you tell this to the police?"

"Nah, they wouldn't have done anything anyway. I filed a harassment charge against her a couple of months back and they didn't do nothing but send a dopey old officer over to her place with a polite reprimand. I'm only telling you 'cause you look like the kind of guy who might give her a little trouble if someone asked you to. That's why I'm telling you I think it was her."

"You're not just messing with me, are you?"

"No, I really think she might have been the one who took the car. She's been into all kinds of trouble for as long as I've known her. She's been a hooker, a drug dealer and I wouldn't be surprised if she hasn't done a lot worse things than that."

"Does she live close by?"

"Not too far away – over on Broderick. I can't remember the number."

"I'll have a look into it." I promise him. "Can you tell me anything else about her that might be helpful?"

"Like I said, she used to be my girlfriend, and we were pretty tight for a couple of years back before I went to jail. She's a crazy woman, and being with her was pretty exciting for me at the time. Like I said, she's been a hooker, and that's pretty much how I got to know her. She stopped doing that for a while when we were together, but she's always been dealing drugs for as long as I've known her. She doesn't use the stuff herself – even I never used all that much, even when I could get it from her – but she has all sorts of people she sells the stuff to, and she's got a pretty good supplier someplace in the city. I don't know who, but she's always got lots of the stuff on hand."

"Have you seen her much since you got out of prison?"

"No way. I cleaned myself up pretty good while I was up at San Quentin, and when I got back into town I swore I wouldn't have nothing more to do with her. I've got myself a real good girl now, some better friends and a pretty good job, and she'd only screw all that up for me."

"Has she tried to get in touch with you?"

"Yah, quite a bit, but I've been ignoring her as much as I can. She came by a few times and I wouldn't talk to her. Then she called a lot and I stopped answering my phone. Then she wrote me some letters and I threw them all away. I can't make her understand that I'm not the same guy she knew five years ago. I'm not interested anymore in what she wants to do. She can't get that. I guess she's just not used to being told what she can and can't have."

"Alright. Well, thanks for letting me talk to you."

"No problem."

TIME: 30 minutes

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CLUE 128

Leigh Jones is seated at a typewriter as I enter his upscale boarding-house room. There is a thick stack of already-typewritten pages lying on the desk beside him, and he apologizes for his rudeness as he finishes a sentence and makes a quick checkmark in a notebook lying near his elbow.

"Sorry, just working on a college paper," he says as he jumps up from his chair and shakes my hand.

"Aren't the colleges all closed for the summer," I ask?

"The classrooms and the professors are, but I'm still using the library to finish up the last few chapters of my master's thesis." He pats a teetering stack of books piled on the side of his desk that must have taken him a wheelbarrow to carry. "There's some research that I can't do during the school term because I have to stay close to my laboratory," he explains, pointing to another room across the hall.

"I see."

"So what can I do for you, sir?" he asks.

"I'm investigating a murder that took place last night, and need to talk to some of Felix Chapman's family and friends to confirm his whereabouts at the time."

"Why do you suspect that Chaps may have been responsible?"

"Well, the girl's body was found in his car and even though he did report the car as stolen yesterday afternoon, I still need to confirm that someone else knows where he was between last evening and this morning. The police don't suspect him in the killing, so I'm also trying to figure out who else could have taken his car to commit the crime. Do you know where he was all last night?"

"I do, and normally I wouldn't tell anyone that he was spending the night with his girlfriend over at his place, but I don't want Chaps getting into any bad trouble just because he's getting a little frisky with his girl on the sly. They're real serious, anyway, and I expect they've already talked about getting married. Her name is Jill Sommers, by the way. He quit smoking because she asked him to, and he's even thinking about going to college in the fall. That's why he and I are friends. We grew up together, but we never had any common interests until now. When he got out of jail, he came to me and asked me about putting in a good word for him at the university. I think he's trying to make up lost time for a lot of bad decisions."

"Sounds like a good idea to me," I admit, though I can't imagine any life other than that of a private eye. "Thanks for talking with me."

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 129

The police station is less busy than I expected and it takes me a couple of minutes to track down Joe DaCosta in the break room, where he is topping off a cup of coffee.

"Hey, Joe, what's the scoop on the Miller girl killing?"

"Did you read the paper?"

"Yah."

"Well, it's pretty much all in there. You got any more specific questions?"

"I'm working for Louis Humphrey's brother. He seems pretty convinced that his brother is innocent and I promised I'd look into it for him."

"Good luck with that. We arrested Humphrey at the scene of the crime, first, on account of his fugitive status, and then charged him with the murder when we found his prints on the vehicle."

"On the vehicle? You mean inside or out?"

"Well, the only good print we got was on the outside of the vehicle, but that's not all we've got on him."

"What else?"

"The ashtray was full of cigarette ashes. We checked with the vehicle's owner and he told us that he doesn't smoke. We confirmed this from a couple of other reliable witnesses who know him well. The victim didn't smoke either, that's what her parents tell us. Humphrey, on the other hand, he does smoke, and we've even been able to identify the brand of cigarettes that he smokes. They're Twenty Grands, you know, the ones that come in the cheaper 10 cent packs with the horse on the side. There were no cigarette butts in the ashtray itself, but we did find one, a Twenty Grand, not far outside the vehicle. – Here." He shows me a burned-down stump in a small evidence bag. – "We think he may have disposed of them outside the car to make us think that he wasn't inside it."



"What makes you think that he smoked more than one cigarette?"

"From the quantity of ash in the ash tray. He must have smoked at least three or four cigarettes in there. Since we only found one butt, the others must have been tossed someplace else, probably farther away from the crime scene. In any case, we never found them."

"You find any other prints?"

"Just the girl's prints on the steering wheel. And the owner's prints, also on the steering wheel."

"Anything else?"

"There was a pink silk scarf on the seat beside the victim. Just so it's clear, she was seated on the passenger's side when we found her, but because her prints were also on the steering wheel, she must have been driving the vehicle at some point in the evening."

"Any chance she might have stolen it?"

"I doubt it. She didn't have a driver's license. And her parents told us she's never stolen anything before. So why should she start with a vehicle?"

"I guess you're right. So do you think the scarf was used to strangle her?"

"Most likely. She must have been wearing it herself, otherwise why would it be there in the car with her? It's not the kind of thing the car's owner – a guy – or Humphrey would be wearing."

"I assume you know who owns the vehicle."

"Yah. It's a 1928 Ford Model-A sedan. You can check on it yourself at the Department of Motor Vehicles. That where we got the owner's name from."

"I'll do that," I tell him, as I scribble down the year and model on the inside of an empty matchbook. "So are you saying that Humphrey's prints were not found inside the vehicle?"

"None that we could find. But he had to have been in there, since it's pretty clear he was the only one would could have used the ashtray, and the girl's body was not removed from the car at any point."

"How do you know?"

"Because if she was taken out to be raped, there would have been grass or vegetation on her clothing, and probably some dirt or mud as well. There was none of this on her clothes. So we're assuming that she was assaulted and then killed inside the vehicle."

"Humphrey's brother says you guys wouldn't tell him where his brother was being held. Can you tell me?"

"Sure. He's over at the Branch No. 1 jail over on Dunbar and Washington. He's been cooperating with our regular questioning, so we haven't had to get too rough with him. We've got just about everything we need for the District Attorney to take the case to trial. And it doesn't hurt that he's got prior arrests for attempted rape and auto theft."

"So where's the vehicle now, over at the Marina Garage?"

"Yup. We plan to hold it for a couple of days before returning it to its owner. He called the office late yesterday afternoon to report it either missing or stolen and we sent an officer over to his address to confirm that it was, in fact, gone. That, coupled with the fact that we've also confirmed that he hasn't smoked for quite some time, means that there's no reason for us to suspect him in the killing."

"No wonder it's so quiet over here. It looks like you guys have got this case pretty much wrapped up."

"We sure do. Hopefully, if we're lucky, nobody decides to rob a bank or shoot up a night club, and we can keep the overtime to a minimum this week. Hey, have yourself a cup of coffee on your way out."

TIME: 1 hour

+++++

CLUE 130

"What do you want?" a toothless hag snarls at me from the doorway of her filthy apartment. The atmosphere inside is hazy with cigarette smoke and I can see a half-clothed man snoring loudly on the couch.

"Just trying to track down a couple of girls who were at Bimbo's lounge last evening."
She looks me up and down.
"Sorry, I'm not interested." The door slams in my face.

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 131

Jill Sommers' Fillmore address is an upscale apartment building in a better part of town than I'm used to. A short, attractive girl with light brown hair and delicate features answers the door and invites me in after I identify myself as a private investigator looking into the disappearance of her boyfriend's automobile.

"I don't have it," she replies, with laugh, "but I heard from Chappy earlier today that his car had been found some time last night. The police have it now, but he expects to have it back in a couple of days. Are you trying to find out who took it?"

"Yah, I am," I reply, "especially since whoever stole it may also be responsible for the death of a young girl."

"Oh, dear! How awful!"

"Yah, right now I'm working with the police on the investigation, and also for another client who I believe has been wrongly accused of both stealing the car and killing the girl. He's facing a murder charge. That's why I need to find out who took that car."

"I can't imagine who'd take Chappy's car, unless it was someone he didn't know who just steals peoples' cars for a living – unless..." her voice trails off quickly and then she adds, "I guess it could've been Chappy's old girlfriend, Laura. She's the only other person I know who's ever even driven his car before. She could've taken it – or stolen it, since I'm sure he wouldn't let her touch it now."

"Why not? Did they have a bad breakup?"

"You can't imagine how much trouble she's been for Chappy. They used to be real tight, before he went to jail, but since he's been out he hasn't had anything to do with her, and I don't think she's too happy about that. First she called him all the time. Then, when he stopped answering his phone, she sent him all kinds of nasty letters, and even threatened to try and mix him up in her shady affairs, though he's made it perfectly clear that he's not at all interested. Since he and I started going together, he hasn't smoked in almost three months. And we're already talking about getting married later in the summer. He's really done all he can to clean up his life, and that's the way I want him to be. His old girlfriend was just trouble for him, and he doesn't want any of that anymore."

"That's good to hear. Well, I thank you for your time, Miss Sommers," I say, as I back off of her clean linoleum and out the door.

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 132

Turning sharply off the gravel of the main road onto the lightly-wooded lane that leads to the low sea cliff at Sierra Point, I notice an abandoned police car buried to the axel of both back wheels in a muddy pocket of swale grass off to one side. The driver, I surmise with an amused grin, probably turned too late and skidded off the road in the darkness, and the tow truck hasn't been by yet to extricate the hopelessly mired vehicle. Leaving this wreck behind me, and carefully navigating the constellations of potholes that make the two-hundred-yard lane feel like a quarter mile obstacle course, I turn at last into a two-acre strip of open sea cliff that overlooks San Francisco Bay.

Except for a young couple dozing off a night of debauchery on the low dunes beyond the cliff, the area appears wholly deserted. I guess that's what happens when the police show up unannounced, with spotlights and sirens blaring, at four o'clock in the morning. Parking my vehicle discretely to one side – so as not to alarm the lightly-clad lovers who apparently slept through the police hubbub – I get out and have a quick look around.

There's not much left to see, I notice right off. Except for a lot of tire tracks, the police have already gone, taking both the body and the stolen vehicle it was found in back to the city with them. The approximate location of the crime scene is still marked off with a drooping outline of bright yellow ribbons, and the entire area has been heavily trampled and muddied up by innumerable heels. A nearby trash-pail has been overturned and rubbish scattered about, suggesting a hasty (and probably unsatisfied) search for something. From all the footprints and the trash – and also the absence of the two principal pieces of evidence, the body and the vehicle – it's almost impossible for me to guess what the area must have looked like before the police showed up.

A sound like sliding gravel from the vicinity of the cliff catches my attention. Looking over, I see that it's the young couple, now awakened and fully-dressed, making their way (with some difficulty) back to the top of the sea cliff. The woman slips again on shifting slabs of shale and slides back down to the bottom. The guy, looking down behind him, mocks her ridiculous predicament and encourages her to stop fooling around. Her angry reply is inaudible.

Noticing me, the guy comes towards where I'm standing.

"Hey, man, whatcha up to?"

"Just having a look around. Did you see any of this?" I ask, pointing to the crime scene.

"Just when the cops showed up. We were over on the other side just chilling out with a bottle of whisky my girl pinched from her old man when a couple of police cars pulled in and arrested some tall guy for killing some girl in a car that was parked over here. We ducked out o' sight over the edge of the cliff and hid down by the dunes while they poked around afterwards. I guess we probably fell asleep down there." I can tell from the look on his face right then that he's not being completely honest – at least about going right to sleep – but it's not really important so I let him be.

The girl has finally gotten to the top of the cliff and she too comes over to where we're talking.

"What's up, Joey?" she asks her boyfriend.

"Just some guy having a look at last night's hoopla. Probably a detective. Hey," he asks me, "are you a dick?"

"That's right."

"Well, we didn't see anything other than what I already told you." The girl nods her head as well.

"How about the car? Was it already here when you arrived?"

"I don't think so, but it was dark then. Maybe."

The girl has a scared look on her face, and I realize that she's probably not much older than sixteen or seventeen, which means that she's probably already in trouble with her folks for spending the whole night out already. I decide not to add to their troubles.

"You two get home, now. It's a little late still to be out."

"Yes, sir," the guy says. The girl just nods her head again.

Turning back to the crime scene as they scamper off, I walk slowly for about twenty yards along the edge of the woods back in the direction of my car when I spot something white and crumpled a little ways back in the bushes. Reaching in for it, I discover an empty pack of cigarettes.



Holding it up to my nose, I can still detect the smell of tobacco, telling me that the package was dropped there not too long ago. Examining the ground close by the trees where I found the pack, I notice that a small area of the grass has been packed down by someone standing there recently for at least twenty or thirty minutes. Looking back up, I estimate that it's about twenty-five yards to the area where the stolen vehicle and the girl's body was found. Whoever stood here, I theorize, must have done so not long before the police arrived.

I pocket the empty pack of smokes, and return to my own vehicle.

TIME: 45 minutes

Laura Andrews CLUE 149
Jirou Iwata NO CLUE

CLUE 133

CLUE 134

"No, no, my maiden name is not Andrews. It's Stromberg. And I wasn't just married last month. My husband and I have been married for almost fifty years. Who'd you get your information from anyway? Sheesh! Now please take yourself off my lawn."

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 135

No. 1029	Barbara Andrews 243 Page San Francisco
No. 1045	Daniel McSwain 727 Lincoln Way San Francisco
No. 1180	Rose Dias 4430 Park Blvd. Oakland
No. 1238	Jill Sommers 1834 Fillmore San Francisco

TIME: 15 minutes per record

+++++

CLUE 136

Barbara Andrews' house on Page Street looks well-maintained as I walk up her front steps. There are some frilly yellow curtains in the front windows, and some healthy-looking plants hanging from hooks all along the perimeter of the porch. I try to look into the windows, but the glare of the sun prevents me from seeing if anyone is inside as I approach the front door. I knock softly and wait a few seconds. There is no reply and I knock again a bit louder. Still no answer.

I walk up to one of the windows and shielding my eyes from the glare take a good look into the front sitting-room. There are a couple of comfortable chairs in front of a large fireplace, and I notice a large bottle with a miniature ship inside it sitting on the mantelpiece. I can see partly into the back rooms of the house and it's clear that no one is at home at this hour.

"Darn," I mutter to myself, kicking my foot softly against one of the porch pillars.

TIME: 15 minutes

If you want to enter the house go to CLUE 108

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CLUE 137

This print was taken from the rim of one of the dirty dishes lying on the countertop.



No. 1

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 138

1927 Austin 16	Olive Martin 1755 Hayes San Francisco
1931 Cadillac V-12	Benny Williams 2276 Cecelia Ave. San Francisco
1928 Ford Model-A	Felix Chapman 61 San Bruno Ave. San Francisco
1925 Hillman 14	Nathan Hawkes 790 35 th Ave. San Francisco
1929 Peugeot 201	Hans Nissen 3655 Broderick San Francisco

1934 Peugeot 601

De Luxe Rent-A-Car
281 Stevenson
San Francisco

TIME: 15 minutes per record

+++++

CLUE 139

The San Quentin prison chaplain is a tall thin man with a pale reddish mustache, and there is little other than the small Bible poking out of the back pocket of his trousers to identify him as a man of the cloth. He invites me to walk with him in the privacy of a half-acre park straddling the south and west walls of the chapel where he conducts his daily ministries. Wishing I'd caught a quick smoke on the drive over, I accept his offer.

“What can I do for you, young man?”

“I’m here to ask about a former, ah, patient of yours,” I explain, a little unsure of my words.

“A member of my flock?”

“Not presently. He got out a little while back.”

“What was his name?”

“Felix Chapman.”

“Ah, yes, Mr. Chapman. A good young man. He did very well here.”

“You saw him often?”

“Yes, he visited the chapel quite regularly. Not a very religious man, I must confess, but very open to instruction. We encounter a wide range of differing religious and philosophical belief systems here at San Quentin, from the strictest Roman Catholicism to the most liberal forms of humanitarianism. You wouldn’t expect that normally from a prison, but I assure you, few people outside these walls are given so perfect an opportunity to seek the guidance afforded by a strong faith.”

“I guess when you have a lot of spare time –”

“Not that they’re idle. They have their work and daily regiment, but there are much fewer distractions and so many constant reminders of their daily need for repentance.”

“Yah, I hear you. So what can you tell me about Felix Chapman?”

“Well, as I already mentioned, he had very little interest in religion. But his upbringing appears to have been grounded in Christian values, and his behavior, even when he resisted the ideas of God and the teachings of the church, shows that he was taught to respect his elders and strive after goodness.”

“So why do you think he wound up in prison?”

“Mr. Chapman claims he allowed himself to be influenced by the temptations of sin and the Devil. But I think that during his time here he realized the error of his ways, his need for positive change, and when he left this place I believe he did so as a changed man.”

“That’s good enough for me. I thank you, reverend, for your time.”

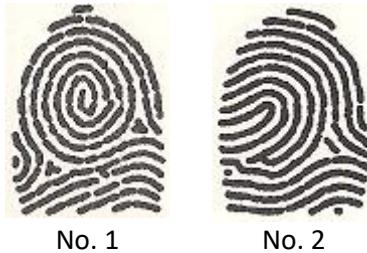
“The Lord’s blessing go with you.”

“The same to you.”

TIME: 15 minutes

CLUE 140

Print no. 1 was taken from the polished mahogany sewing-machine table-top. Print no. 2 was taken from the bottom of the chipped ashtray in the upstairs guest room.



TIME: 15 minutes

CLUE 141

1. Who killed Cynthia Miller?
 2. Why?
 3. What evidence proves the murderer's guilt?

For the Answers go to
(And see the Newspaper for Day 2) CLUE 147

CLUE 142

Print no. 1 was taken from the mirror on the medicine cabinet. Print no. 2 was taken from an empty water-glass on the bedside table.



No. 1 No. 2

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 143

The phone rings for a while before the New Orleans office answers my call and transfers me to detective Smith. When I tell him my name, he puts me on hold for about a minute. Picking up the phone again, he tells me that he's done a background check on Louis Humphrey and that his criminal record has turned up a couple of irregularities. In 1929 he'd been arrested and sentenced to 3 years of hard labor for the suspected kidnapping and sexual assault of a young girl. Since that time new evidence had shown these charges to have been fabricated by the victim's family and the kidnapper as part of an ongoing racist vendetta between the cities' colored community and certain wealthy landowners. The same feuding was largely responsible for Humphrey's enforced relocation from Louisiana to the west coast in early 1933. Part of a local program to thin out the colored population. Some of the more inventive landowners even looking upon it as charity work.

"So he never actually kidnapped or raped that little girl?"

"No."

"Wow. That sucks. You think they'll ever clear it off his record?"

"Not likely, I suppose."

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 144

Print nos. 1 and 2 were taken from the steering wheel. Print no. 3 was taken from the outside of the passenger door. Print no. 4 (partially smudged) was found near the ashtray.



No. 1

No. 2

No. 3

No. 4

TIME: 15 minutes

+++++

CLUE 145

If before 9:00 p.m. go to	CLUE 107
If after 9:00 p.m. go to	CLUE 141

+++++

CLUE 146

Deciding to follow the woman, I allow her a fifteen-second head start down a couple of the flights of stairs before starting down after her. Fully expecting her to return directly to the ground floor and exit the building the same way she came in, I resist the temptation to hurry noisily down the stairs and alarm her unnecessarily. I don't expect to have any trouble following her outside the building if I'm careful.

Back on the street, I notice that she's headed north up Broderick and is walking casually up the sidewalk towards the intersection with Fell Street. I follow her for a couple of blocks, before she stops and lingers in front of a shop window to admire some floral arrangements. I take this pause as my cue to approach and address her.

"Excuse me, are you Ms. Andrews?"

"No – not anymore," she answers comfortably, with a soft laugh. "I got married last month and now I'm a Mis'ess – Mrs. Barbara O'Connell." Then, not even giving me a chance to explain why I'd stopped to ask her who she was in the first place, she rattles right on. "My husband's a sailor. He's not from around here, though. Right now he's away on his tour of duty, but my sister, Laura, she's come to stay with me for a few days."

The mention of her sister recaptures my attention. The chatty young lady is quick to notice my heightened level of interest.

"She's still unmarried," she adds, after a pause, "though I doubt she's in the market for a husband right now. Her last relationship ended pretty badly and she's a bit soured with men. She's got her own problems, though. I try to help, you know what I mean?"

"Yah, that's cool," I tell her. "I do need to talk to your sister, though. Do you know where I can find her?"

"I don't know where's she's at right now, but I expect to see her at home later this evening, probably around eight or so. My place is down on Page Street, in case you don't know, number two-forty-three. You can come by later on."

"Sounds good. I'll see her then. Have a nice afternoon."

TIME: 30 minutes

CLUE 147

1. Laura Andrews.
 2. To frame her ex-boyfriend Felix Chapman for murder. Laura Andrews, knowing that Chapman had already done jail time for attempted murder, figured that he would be the most likely suspect in the murder of a young girl if the police were to find her strangled and sexually-assaulted body inside a vehicle that was registered in his name and parked at a secluded lover's hangout. Her ingenious plot, however, was foiled by two unforeseen complications. First, Chapman had called the police to report the vehicle missing on the afternoon *prior* to the murder, mitigating their suspicions that he could have been involved in the killing. And second, Louis Humphrey's early appearance at the scene of the crime distracted police attention from any other alternative suspect, their case against him as the likeliest suspect appearing so obvious. Humphrey's arrest brought the Continental Detective Agency into the story, allowing the true authoress of the crime to be discovered.
 3. Her fingerprint and cigar butt at the scene of the crime.
-

CLUE 148

If before 8:00 p.m. go to	CLUE 136
If after 8:00 p.m. go to	CLUE 122

CLUE 149

The probation officer stamps out the dwindling stub of a cigarette and asks me to take a seat. When I tell him that I'm looking for information about Laura Andrews he groans and rolls his eyes.
“She's one of the worst cases I've handled so far. Let me get her file.”

Pulling some papers from a filing cabinet, he summarizes their contents as he flips through them.

“Petty theft. Vagrancy. Indecency. Drunken and disorderly behavior. And that's just her juvenile record.” Examining another few pages, he adds, “Prostitution. Dispensing drugs to minors. That's what we have on file for her at this office. I'm sure the police could tell you more.”

“Can you tell me some more about her drug offenses?”

“Only that's she's been arrested for supplying children and young people with dangerous narcotics. The kind that are used to put operation subjects to sleep. I have no idea who her supplier is, but they're just as guilty as she is. Drugs are a growing concern with this department, especially when it

involves minors. We can't afford to let this problem get out of control. That's why we keep a close eye on known offenders. Miss Laura Andrews is the worst of that lot."

"Thank you for your time."

"No problem," he replies, lighting up another cigarette.

TIME: 15 minutes

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CLUE 150

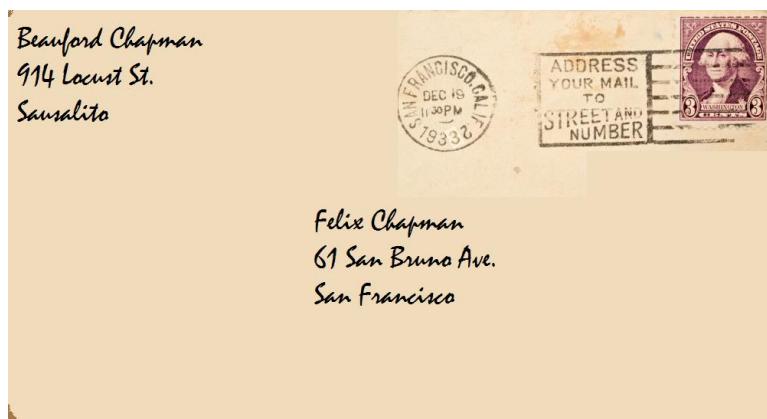
Felix Chapman lives in a six-story apartment building over on San Bruno Ave, a couple of blocks over from Potrero Ave., which forms the eastern boundary of the Mission District. His ground-floor rooms are situated in the back left corner of the building, at the end of a poorly-lit hallway and probably look out onto an equally-dim alleyway between his dilapidated building and the adjacent one on Vermont. The bulb in the hallway flickers occasionally as I stand knocking at his door without any answer, until a half-clothed neighbor from across the hall sticks out his head to tell me that Mr. Chapman is away at work, and will not be back until after four o'clock.

"Thanks," I tell the man's door as it closes.

Extracting a narrow-bladed pocketknife from the inside of my coat, and pausing for a couple of seconds to make sure no one is watching, I quickly jimmy open the lock. The interior of the apartment is cleaner than I would have expected for a single guy, and I'm surprised to see no dirty laundry on the floor, no smelly dishes in the sink or any liquor bottles or ashtrays full of cigarettes on any of the tables or alongside any of the usual piece of furniture.

Chapman's rooms are sparsely furnished – other than his personal belongings and a few cans of food in the kitchen cupboards, there is only a bed and washbasin in the back room, a patched padded chair and bookcase (mostly empty) in the front room, and a small table and single wooden chair in the doorway of the kitchen. Like most cheap apartment buildings, the washroom is a communal one – probably one of the other doorways I passed outside in the main hallway.

With very little to look through, I paw anxiously through a wastepaper-basket half-concealed behind the padded chair and find a couple of envelopes. One is empty, but is addressed from



The other three envelopes have not even been opened, and are all addressed from a woman named Laura who lives at three-fifty-five Broderick. Out of curiosity, I open the one with the earliest-dated postmark to discover the following brief note:

Chaps:

Since you refuse to take my calls, I have no choice but to write you. Why wont you listen to what I have to say? Theres so much for us to do now that your back home and I need you like the old times. Please see me at Bimbos on friday.

The next one reads the same, with a little more desperation sprinkled in. The third note, however, dated June twenty-first, reads

I'll fix you good you dirty bastard. Theres no way youll be rid of me so easily if that's what your thinking. Ive got just the thing to mess you up real bad if you don't want to be friends no more. We had it good but if you think your to good for me now ill show you. You and that rich tramp. Just you wait.

Finding nothing else in the trashcan, I make a mental note – as I slip back out the door and into the hallway – to stop back after four o'clock, if I can remember.

TIME: 30 minutes
FINGERPRINT: CLUE 142

